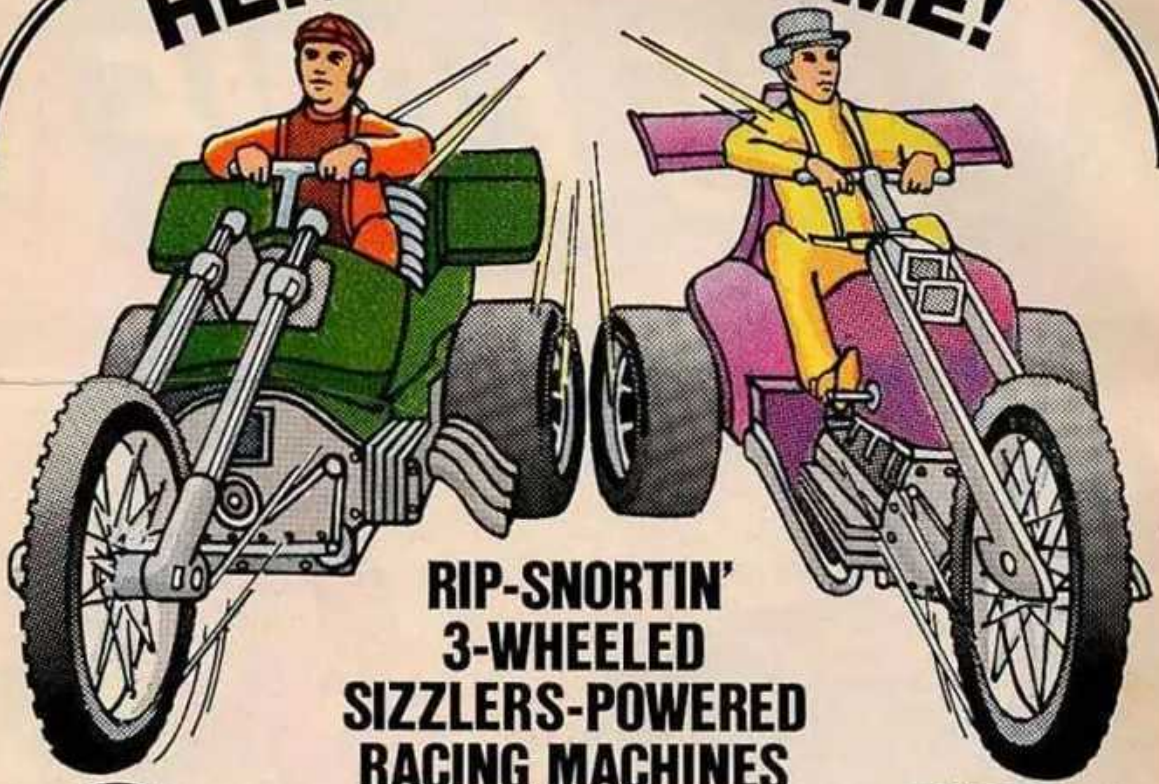
DC
LOIS LANE
ALL NEW STORIES
NOW ONLY 20c
SUPERMAN'S GIRL FRIEND
LOIS LANE
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
NO. 125
AUG.
30575
SUPERMAN!
WHERE ARE YOU?
LOIS NEEDS SUPERMAN WHEN "DEATH RIDES THE WHEELS!"
PLUS ROSE AND the THORN in "CURE--OR KILL!"

HERE THEY COME!



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called:

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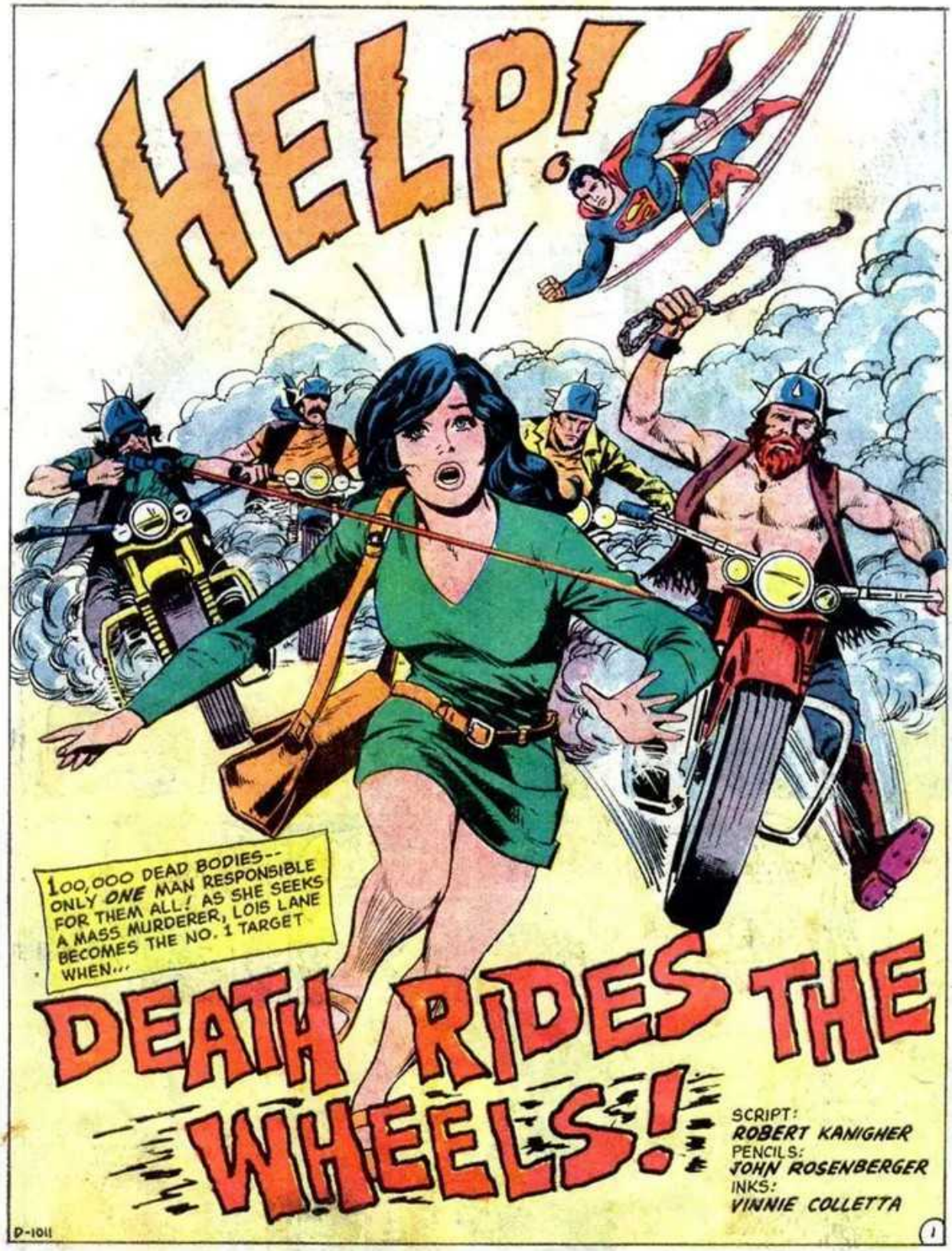

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Groovy way here...

MIDNIGHT... IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE APARTMENT LOIS LANE SHARES WITH THREE OTHER GIRLS...
KILL--
KILL--
KILL!
THE BLOOD-CHILLING CRIES AWAKEN LOIS LANE AND HER ROOMMATES, AND...
KRISTIN! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!
IT'S JUST A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE!
YOU WERE WALKING IN YOUR SLEEP WITH A BUTCHER KNIFE!
BUTCHER ...KNIFE?
YEAH! WHOSE HEAD WERE YOU GOING TO PUT ON THE CHOPPING BLOCK?
I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
PLEASE! I-I WANT TO GO BACK TO BED!
WAIT! NOT YET, KRISTIN!
I WANT TO KNOW...
STOP IT, MARSHA! SHE'S UPSET!
LOIS-- DO YOU REALIZE WE KNOW NOTHING ABOUT OUR LADY MACBETH ROOMMATE?
MAYBE... SHE'S A CRIMINAL!
DON'T BE SILLY! IT WAS JUST A BAD DREAM!
YOU GO TO BED AND I'LL SEE HOW SHE IS!
AS LONG AS I'M UP, I'LL JUST HAVE A NIBBLE OF...
OF CELERY! YOUR DIET, MARSHA!
OH, NUTS! YOU'RE A MEANIE, LOIS!
2

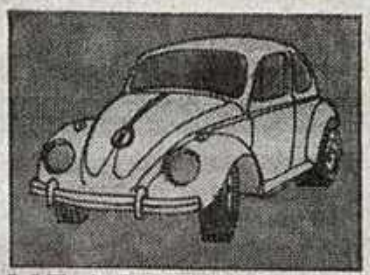
KRISTIN?
KRISTIN! WE WOMEN HAVE TO STICK TOGETHER...
IF YOU'VE GOT TROUBLE, YOU'LL FEEL BETTER SHARING IT WITH A FRIEND!
IT'S NOTHING, LOIS. I--I DON'T NEED ANYONE'S HELP! GOOD NIGHT...
LATER...
WHO IS SHE, REALLY?
IS KRISTIN RUNNING FROM A SECRET PAST?
WHAT WAS THAT NIGHTMARE?
SOMETHING'S UP WITH HER!
NEXT MORNING AT STATION WGBS...
YAWNING, LOIS? LACK OF FRESH AIR... OR ME?
IT'S NOT YOU, CLARK! I WISH SOME OF SUPERMAN'S EGO WOULD RUB OFF ON YOU!
I COULDN'T SLEEP LAST NIGHT--THAT'S ALL!
TODAY'S ASSIGNMENTS... TAKE YOUR PICK, LOIS!
A WAGNER CONCERT--A LECTURE ON CHINA...
...OR A FILM EXPOSÉ OF MISSING WAR CRIMINALS BY PROF. MESSERSCHMIED... ALL AT METROPOLIS CENTER!
I VOTE THAT WE COVER THE PROFESSOR!
AS THE COUPLE LEAVES THE BUILDING...
CLARK-- CAN WE INVITE THE GIRLS TONIGHT? ESPECIALLY KRISTIN?
SHE'S SUCH A LONER!
OF COURSE, LOIS.
LOOK OUT!
IT'S THE SPIKE HELMET GANG!
9

OUTTA THE WAY!
HA-HA-HA-HA!
OH, GOLLY! THEY'RE COMING RIGHT AT ME!
CLARK! THEY'RE STAMPEDING RIGHT OVER YOU!
C'MON!
RORRR
WHY CAN'T YOU BE A-- A REAL PERSON, CLARK?
SUPERMAN WOULD'VE TAUGHT THOSE HOODLUMS MANNERS!
I SURE WOULD HAVE, IF LOIS WEREN'T HERE...
..TO WATCH ME SWITCH TO SUPER-MAN!
YOU KNOW WHAT'S WRONG..?
YOU'RE A WEAKLING, CLARK! NO MUSCLES!
IF YOU BUILT UP YOUR STRENGTH, YOU'D GET SOME COURAGE, CLARK!
LOIS! PLEASE QUIT NAGGING!
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THAT STATUE THEY'RE MAKING OF THAT BIG SUPER-CREEP!
OH, WOW!
METRO FOUNDRY
IT'S BIGGER THAN THE PYRAMIDS!
DON'T YOU THINK THEY'RE OVER-DOING IT?
SUPERMAN RATES IT! HE IS SUPER!
BUT YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT! FOLLOW ME!
4

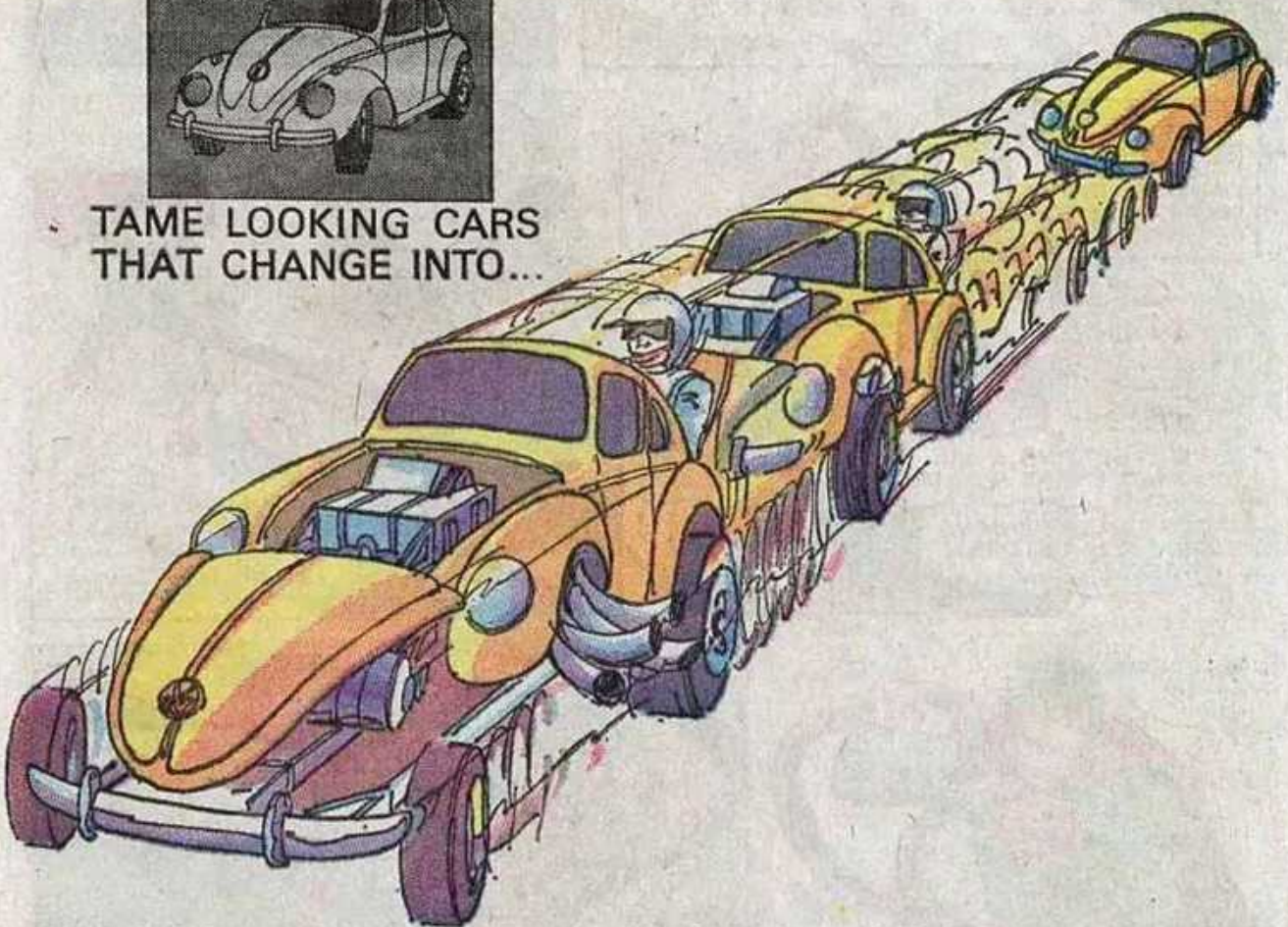
ISN'T HE GORGEOUS, CLARK?
WHEN'S THE UNVEILING?
TOMORROW! AND I'LL BE THERE!
THANKS FOR TAKING ME HOME, CLARK! SEE YOU AT THE CENTER TONIGHT!
YEAH, I WANT TO SEE WHAT THIS PROFESSOR MESSERSCHMIED IS ALL ABOUT!
SEE YOU, LOIS!
AT HOME...
MMMMM-- YUM-YUM! FABULOUS STEW!
YUM-YUM SPELLS CALORIES, MARSHA!
YOU'RE DOING SO WELL ON YOUR DIET...
DON'T BREAK IT, HONEY!
KRISTIN SAID SHE HAS THINGS TO DO AFTER WORK...
...BUT SHE'LL MEET ALL OF US AT THE CENTER!
WHAT "THINGS"?
THINGS THAT GO STAB IN THE NIGHT?
GIRLS! LET'S NOT ACCUSE KRISTIN OF ANYTHING BEFORE WE'VE GOT SOME EVIDENCE!
DON'T WORRY-WE WON'T!
YEAH-- I WOULDN'T WANT MY FINGER CHOPPED OFF!
THAT KNIFE SHE HAD-- YUKKK!
5

THAT NIGHT, AT METROPOLIS CENTER...
I WONDER WHICH MISSING WAR CRIMINAL PROF. MESSERSCHMIED IS GOING TO EXPOSE TONIGHT?
THERE ARE SO MANY THAT GOT AWAY!
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT, KRISTIN, COME ON!
SUDDENLY!
WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING? M-MY STOMACH IS TURNING OVER!
THE ESCALATOR IS RUNNING WILD!
WHRRR
SECRETLY, CLARK'S X-RAY VISION DISCLOSES TO HIM...
IT'S THE LEADER OF THE SPIKE HELMET GANG— MESSING WITH THE ESCALATOR CONTROLS!
ESCALATOR CONTRO
THE SPEEDED-UP ESCALATOR RUNS FASTER AND FASTER...
HELP!
I'M FALLING!
I'M GETTING OFF!
LOIS! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
SAVE US!
...THE ESCALATOR CONTROLS! THEY MUST BE DOWNSTAIRS!
GOT TO STOP IT!
CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING...
6

THE IMPOSTERS™



TAME LOOKING CARS
THAT CHANGE INTO...



MEAN RACING MACHINES

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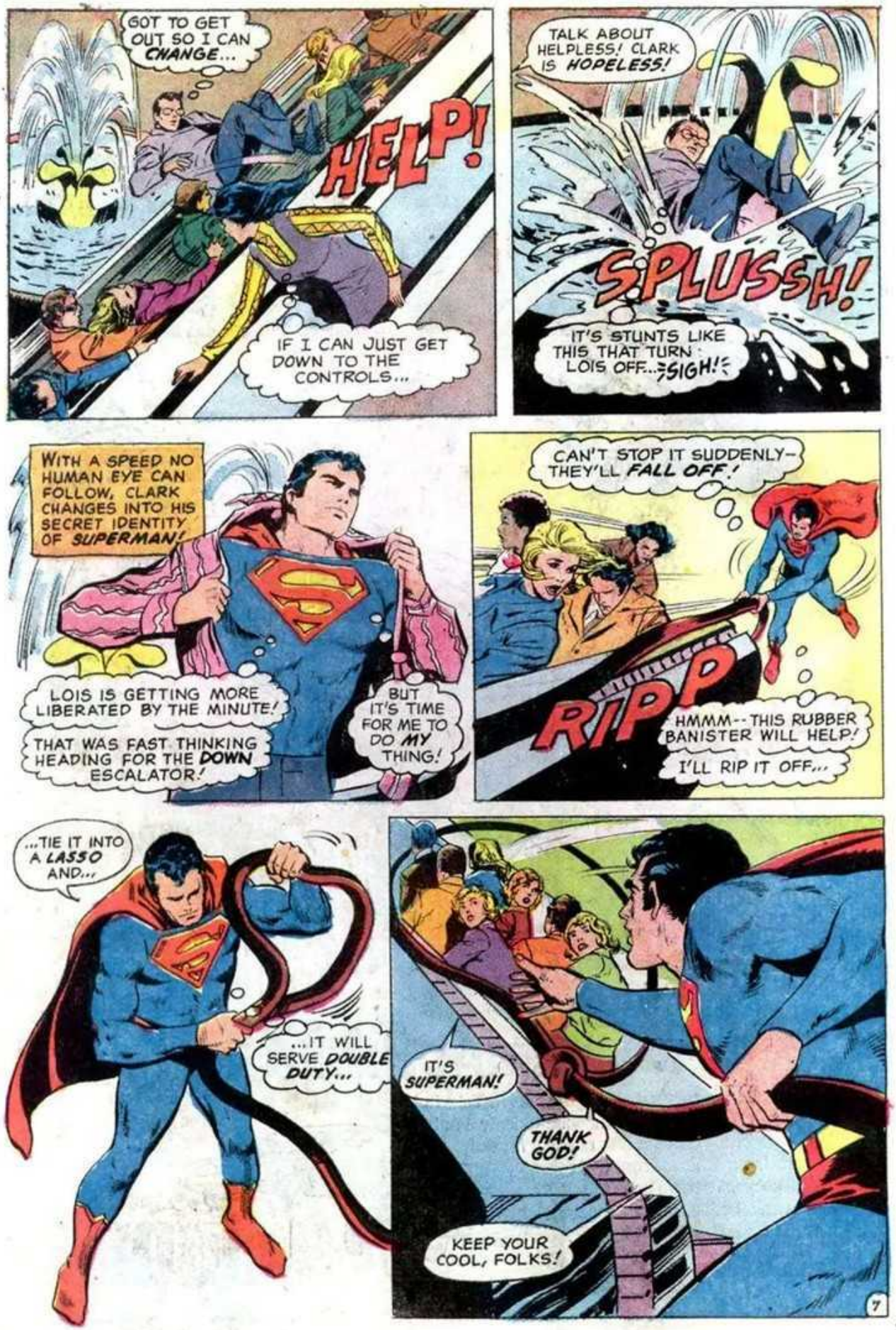
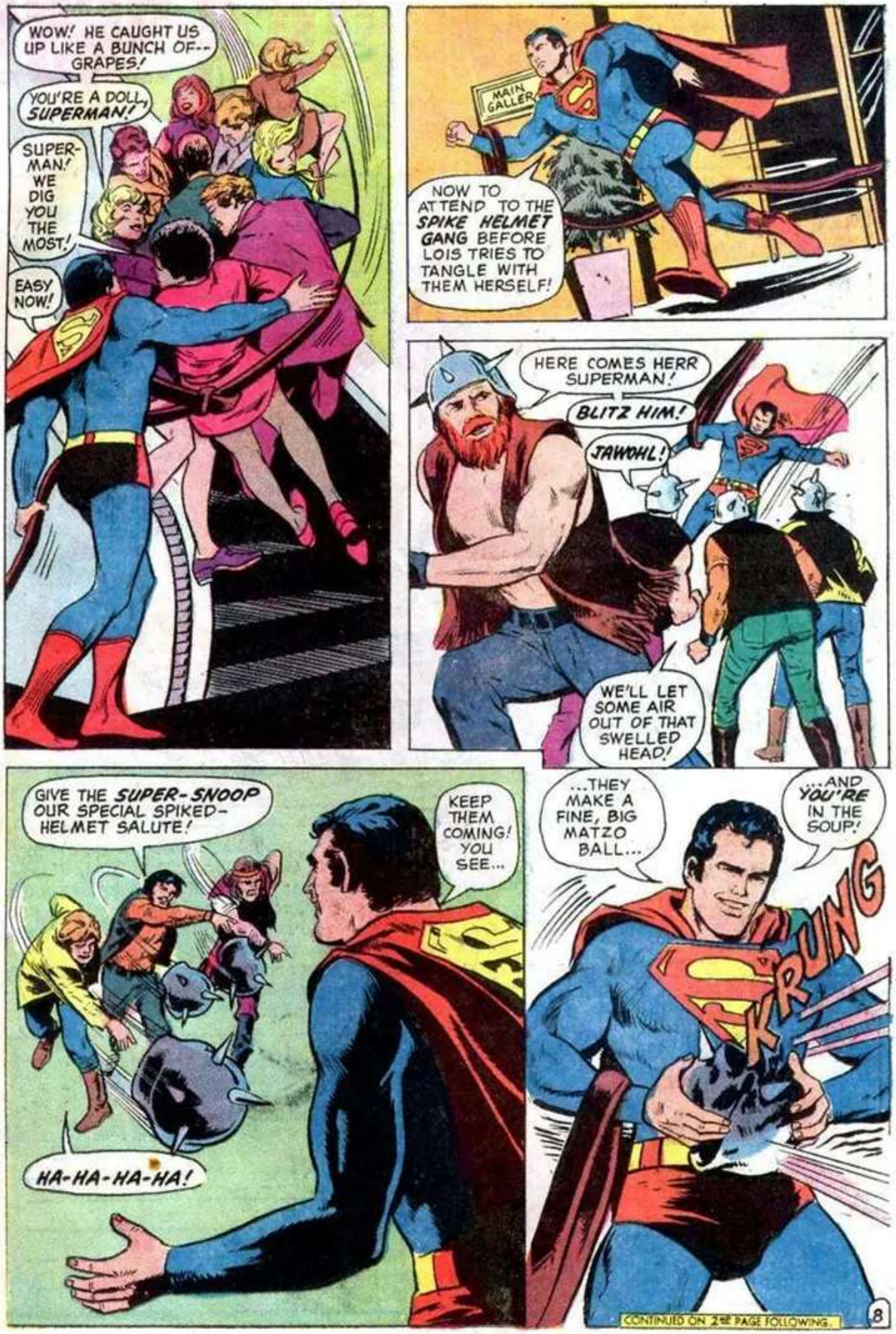

GOT TO GET OUT SO I CAN CHANGE...
HELP!
IF I CAN JUST GET DOWN TO THE CONTROLS...
TALK ABOUT HELPLESS! CLARK IS HOPELESS!
SPLUSSH!
IT'S STUNTS LIKE THIS THAT TURN LOIS OFF...SIGH!
WITH A SPEED NO HUMAN EYE CAN FOLLOW, CLARK CHANGES INTO HIS SECRET IDENTITY OF SUPERMAN!
LOIS IS GETTING MORE LIBERATED BY THE MINUTE!
THAT WAS FAST THINKING HEADING FOR THE DOWN ESCALATOR!
BUT IT'S TIME FOR ME TO DO MY THING!
CAN'T STOP IT SUDDENLY-- THEY'LL FALL OFF!
RIPP
HMMM--THIS RUBBER BANISTER WILL HELP!
I'LL RIP IT OFF...
...TIE IT INTO A LASSO AND...
...IT WILL SERVE DOUBLE DUTY...
IT'S SUPERMAN!
THANK GOD!
KEEP YOUR COOL, FOLKS!
7


WOW! HE CAUGHT US UP LIKE A BUNCH OF-- GRAPES!
YOU'RE A DOLL, SUPERMAN!
SUPER-MAN! WE DIG YOU THE MOST!
EASY NOW!
MAIN GALLERY
NOW TO ATTEND TO THE SPIKE HELMET GANG BEFORE LOIS TRIES TO TANGLE WITH THEM HERSELF!
HERE COMES HERR SUPERMAN!
BLITZ HIM!
JAWOHL!
WE'LL LET SOME AIR OUT OF THAT SWELLED HEAD!
GIVE THE SUPER-SNOOP OUR SPECIAL SPIKED-HELMET SALUTE!
KEEP THEM COMING! YOU SEE...
HA-HA-HA-HA!
...THEY MAKE A FINE, BIG MATZO BALL...
...AND YOU'RE IN THE SOUP!
KRUNG
CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.
8

SUPER-HERO STICK-ONS!

Stick your favorites up against the wall...

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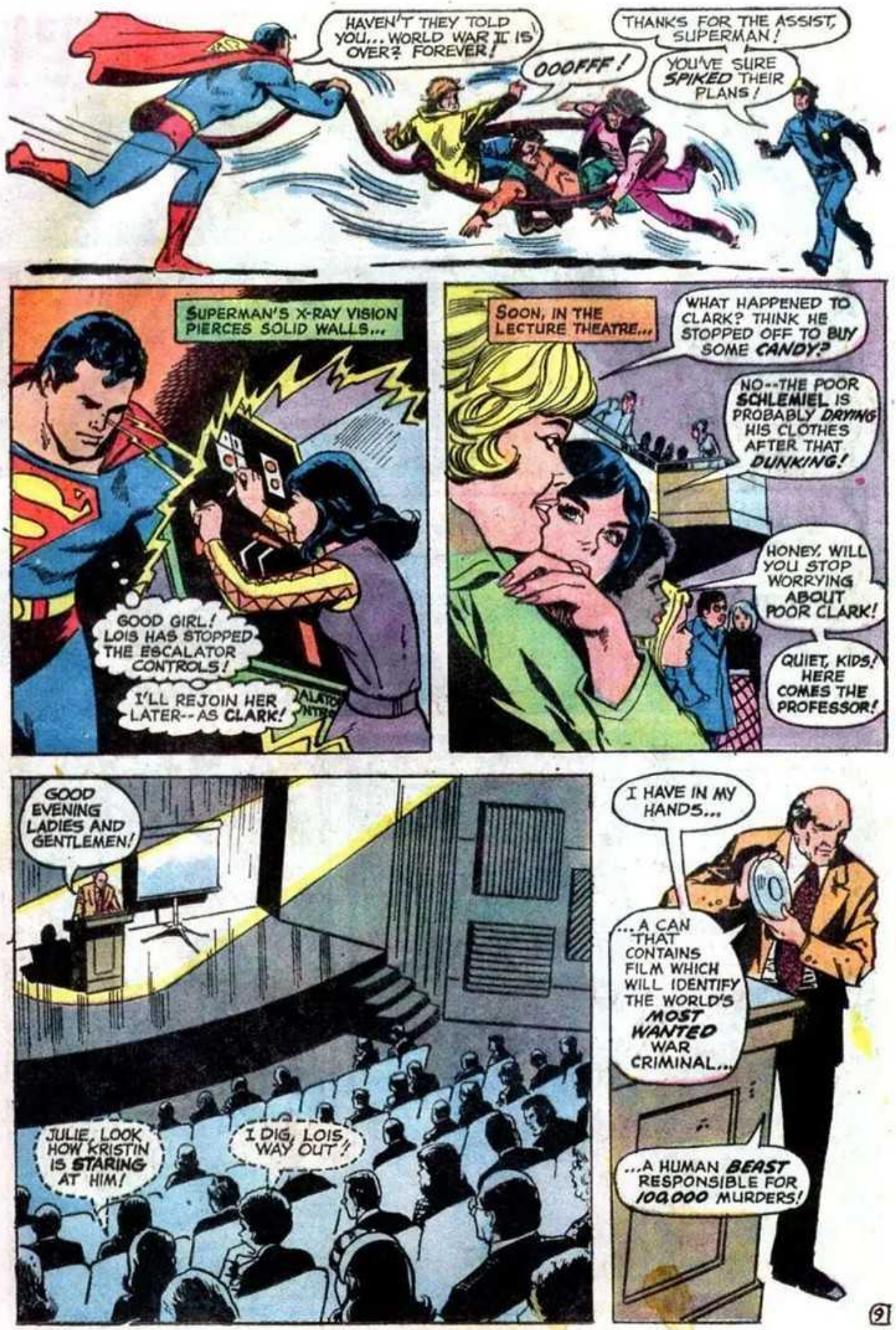
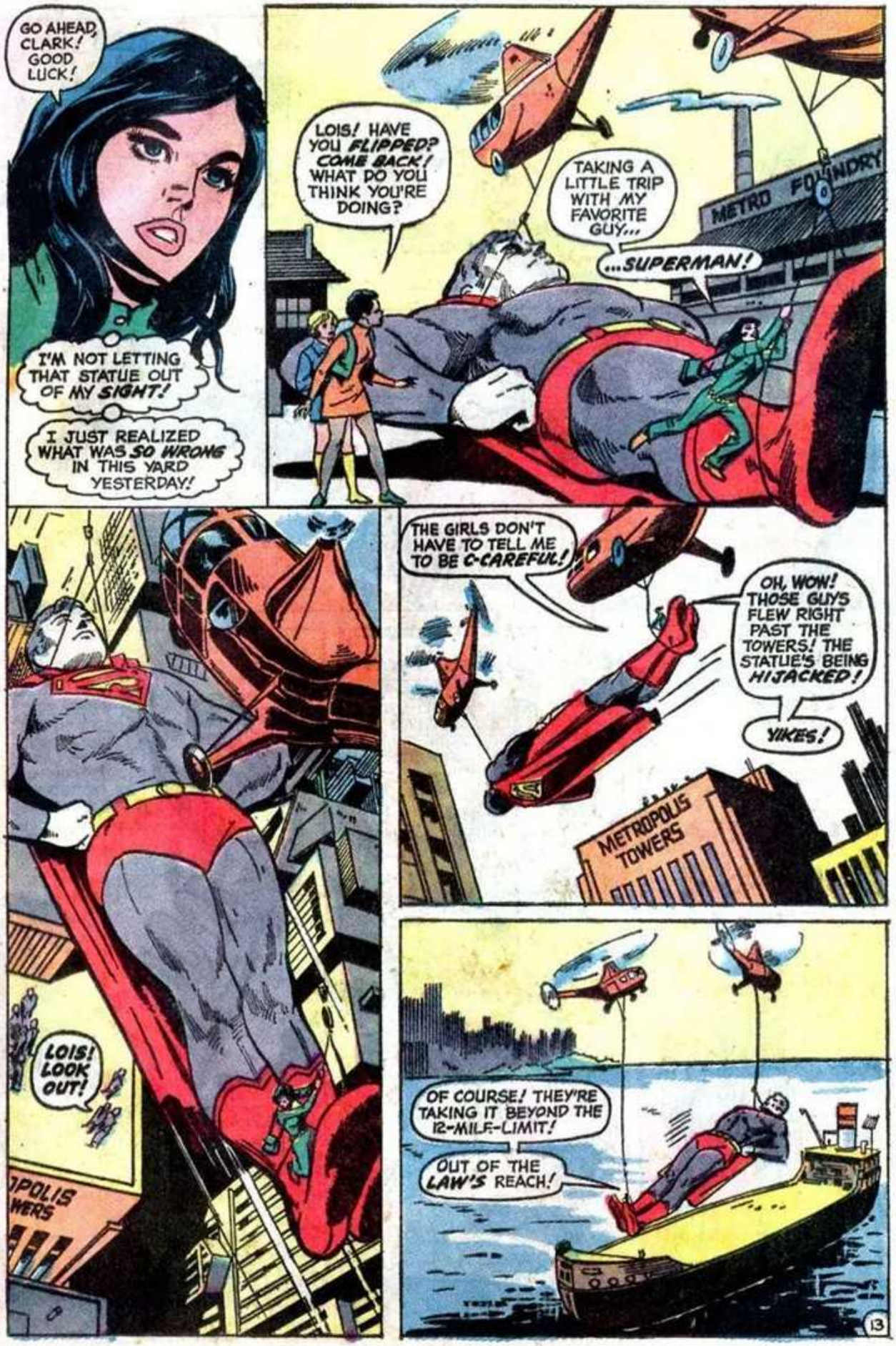

HAVEN'T THEY TOLD YOU... WORLD WAR II IS OVER? FOREVER!
OOOFFF!
THANKS FOR THE ASSIST, SUPERMAN!
YOU'VE SURE SPIKED THEIR PLANS!
SUPERMAN'S X-RAY VISION PIERCES SOLID WALLS...
GOOD GIRL! LOIS HAS STOPPED THE ESCALATOR CONTROLS!
I'LL REJOIN HER LATER--AS CLARK!
SOON, IN THE LECTURE THEATRE...
WHAT HAPPENED TO CLARK? THINK HE STOPPED OFF TO BUY SOME CANDY?
NO--THE POOR SCHLEMIEL IS PROBABLY DRYING HIS CLOTHES AFTER THAT DUNKING!
HONEY, WILL YOU STOP WORRYING ABOUT POOR CLARK!
QUIET, KIDS! HERE COMES THE PROFESSOR!
GOOD EVENING LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!
JULIE, LOOK HOW KRISTIN IS STARING AT HIM!
I DIG, LOIS, WAY OUT!
I HAVE IN MY HANDS...
...A CAN THAT CONTAINS FILM WHICH WILL IDENTIFY THE WORLD'S MOST WANTED WAR CRIMINAL...
...A HUMAN BEAST RESPONSIBLE FOR 100,000 MURDERS!

KRISTIN! WHAT'S WRONG?
WHERE YOU HEADING, GAL?
I-- I HAVE TO LEAVE! I'VE GOT A BAD HEADACHE!
YOU DO LOOK PALE! GO ON! FRESH AIR WILL DO YOU GOOD!
THAT CAT HAS SOMETHING HEAVY ON HER MIND, LOIS!
WHY PICK THIS MINUTE TO GO?
GIRLS--SSSH! THE PROFESSOR'S TALKING!
FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN HUNTING FOR EVIDENCE THAT WOULD CONVICT THIS MONSTER...
...AND AT LAST I HAVE IT! PHOTOS OF HIS CRIMES!
SUDDENLY!
THE LIGHTS!
SOMEONE PUT THEM OUT!
FIRST THE ESCALATOR-- THEN THIS!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
A BOMB! I'LL BET IT'S A BOMB!
RUN!
A BOMB!
HELP! I'M GETTING OUT!
WE CAN'T LET THEM PANIC!
RIGHT ON, LOIS!
WE'VE GOT TO DISTRACT THEM!
WE'RE WITH YOU, BABY!
WILL THIS SPOTLIGHT HELP, LOIS?
CLARK! THANK GOODNESS YOU CAME BACK!
NOW, WHILE YOU HOLD THE LIGHT, WE'LL PUT ON AN AMATEUR NIGHT!
WHAT'LL WE DO? SING?... DANCE? WE'RE NOT THAT GREAT!
10

WE CAN KICK, CAN'T WE? HIGH AS YOU CAN!
ONE-- TWO-- THREE-- KICK!
IMAGINE ME IN THE METROPOLIS ROCKETTES!
AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU'VE BEEN DIETING, MARSHA?
BUT...
PROFESSOR!
HE MUST'VE TRIPPED IN THE DARK...
...AND KNOCKED HIMSELF OUT!
CLARK! HE'S DEAD!
STABBED!
AND THAT FILM HE WAS HOLDING IS GONE!
LOIS! BETTER TELL THE AUDIENCE HE FELL--OR THEY'LL REALLY PANIC!
THE KILLER CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR! WE'LL LOOK FOR HIM!
CAN YOU CARRY HIM, CLARK? HE'S VERY SMALL!
...I'LL TRY!
WAIT OUTSIDE FOR ME!
SIT DOWN, FOLKS! LOIS LANE SAID IT'S OKAY!
BUT OUTSIDE...
LOIS, LOOK! MORE OF THE SPIKE HELMET GOONS! WONDER WHAT RUMBLE THEY'RE HEADED FOR?
I'M GOING TO TRAIL THEM!
YOU STAY HERE! TELL CLARK I COULDN'T WAIT!
CAB!
11

I'M SORRY, LADY! I LOST 'EM!
DON'T CALL ME "LADY!"
CALL ME MS!
YES... MS...?
THANKS, ANYWAY!
METRO FOUNDRY
SOMETHING QUEER UP THERE--BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT!
SINCE I'VE LOST THE TRAIL OF THE SPIKE HELMETS, I MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME... SIGH!
BACK IN THE GIRLS' APARTMENT...
KRISTIN! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?
I--I MANAGED TO GET INTO THE WAGNER CONCERT!
HERE'S THE PROGRAM--VON BLOOM CONDUCTED! WHAT SOOTHING MUSIC!
GOODNIGHT, NOW!
CONCERT TOWN HALL
WAGNER
WHAT?? THAT CAT'S MUSIC IS ABOUT AS SOOTHING AS A JAM SESSION!
HOW DO WE KNOW KRISTIN WENT TO THE CONCERT? SHE COULD'VE PICKED THAT PROGRAM UP WITHOUT GOING IN!
TRUE--WE HAVE NO PROOF!
SLEEP ON IT, GIRLS! MEET YOU AT THE FOUNDRY TOMORROW FOR THE RAISING OF THE SUPERMAN STATUE!
THE NEXT DAY, WITH THE HUGE STATUE FULLY ASSEMBLED...
CLARK! CAN THESE HELICOPTERS REALLY AIR-LIFT THE STATUE TO THE METROPOLIS TOWERS?
SURE, LOIS! BUT THEY'LL HAVE TO BE PRETTY CAREFUL!
WISH THEY'D HURRY! I'M STARVING!
FOUNDRY
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, CLARK?
TO THE TOWERS, LOIS! I WANT TO GET AN ACTION SHOT OF THE STATUE LANDING!
12


GO AHEAD, CLARK! GOOD LUCK!
I'M NOT LETTING THAT STATUE OUT OF MY SIGHT!
I JUST REALIZED WHAT WAS SO WRONG IN THIS YARD YESTERDAY!
LOIS! HAVE YOU FLIPPED? COME BACK! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
TAKING A LITTLE TRIP WITH MY FAVORITE GUY...
...SUPERMAN!
METRO FOUNDRY
LOIS! LOOK OUT!
THE GIRLS DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME TO BE C-CAREFUL!
OH, WOW! THOSE GUYS FLEW RIGHT PAST THE TOWERS! THE STATUE'S BEING HIJACKED!
YIKES!
METROPOLIS TOWERS
OF COURSE! THEY'RE TAKING IT BEYOND THE 12-MILE-LIMIT!
OUT OF THE LAW'S REACH!
13

UH-OH!
THE LEADER OF THE SPIKE HELMET GANG!
FIRST YOU TRIED TO SPIKE THE EXPOSÉ! NOW THIS HIJACK! IT ALL FITS!
JA! AND THIS PLACE IS DEAD END FOR LOIS LANE!
NOT YET, YOU CREEP! I HAVEN'T FINISHED MY ASSIGNMENT...
NATÜRLICH! YOU SEEK THE FILM FOR WHICH WE ELIMINATED THE PROFESSOR!
BUT NOW IT IS TIME TO ELIMINATE YOU, FRÄULEIN LANE! ZIS GRENADE MEANS — KAPUT!
DON'T BE HASTY!
AT THAT MOMENT, HURTLING AT THE GIANT HELICOPTERS...
THAT LOIS! HITCHING A RIDE ON THE STATUE!
THE "GIRL REPORTER" WILL DO ANYTHING TO GET A STORY!
FIRST I'LL BLOW THESE KOOKY KITES BACK TO LAND-- WHERE THEY'LL BE NETTED BY THE HARBOR POLICE!
WHROOOO!
NOW TO STOP...
14

...THE GRENADE!
WHAMM

SUPERMAN! WHAT KEPT YOU?
I TALKED MYSELF DRY, GAMBLING YOU'D SHOW UP IN TIME TO SAVE ME!
AHA! YOU ADMIT YOU NEED MY HELP?
ONLY SOMETIMES, DARLING!

SUDDENLY!
AHHHNNNN--

LOOK! THE EXPLOSION SPLIT OFF THE STATUE'S HAND!
KRAK!
-NAAGGH!

POOR MAN...
IT'S MADNESS! THE STATUE HE STOLE--TURNED INTO AN AVENGING HAND OF JUSTICE!
WHAT IRONY!
THERE WAS A REASON FOR WHAT HE DID, SUPERMAN!
USE YOUR X-RAY VISION ON THE STATUE--AND YOU'LL FIND OUT!

HUGO VON ZORN — ACTUAL SCENES OF MASS MURDER

WHAT A COVER, SUPERMAN! HUGO VON ZORN!
THE WORLD'S MOST WANTED CRIMINAL-- DISGUISED AS THE SPIKE HELMET LEADER!
AN OBVIOUS DISGUISE -- BUT IT WORKED!
BUT, LOIS! HOW DID YOU KNOW THE FILM WAS IN THE STATUE?

THE BOOTS ON ONE WORKMAN DIDN'T MATCH THE OTHERS! IT STARTED ME THINKING...
...THE FILM WAS DUMPED IN THE STATUE BEFORE IT WAS ASSEMBLED!
I SEE!
THEN AFTER THEY DISCOVERED IT WAS ASSEMBLED--
THEY HAD TO HIJACK THE WHOLE STATUE TO RECOVER THE FILM!

POOR HUGO! HE LOST HIS LIFE LOOKING FOR THE EVIDENCE WHICH WOULD EXPOSE HIM!
EVIDENCE WHICH NO LONGER EXISTS, LOIS!
MY X-RAY VISION DESTROYED THAT FILM!

THERE'S STILL ANOTHER MYSTERY WHICH REMAINS TO BE SOLVED--KRISTIN CUTLER!
CUTLER? CUTLER? SUPERMAN... "MESSERSCHMIED" MEANS "CUTLER" IN GERMAN!
COULD THERE BE A SECRET CONNECTION BETWEEN--
COULD BE! BUT--WHAT?

THE NEXT DAY, DRAWN TO THE PET SHOP WHERE KRISTIN WORKS...
LOOK AT KRISTIN SMILING AS SHE FEEDS MAN-EATING PIRANHAS!
WELL, LOIS? WHO IS KRISTIN? WHAT KIND OF GIRL ARE WE LIVING WITH?
UGHH--GIVES ME THE SHIVERS!
DANGER! BEWARE! CANNIBAL Fish
I-- I DON'T KNOW... ONLY TIME WILL TELL!
THE END

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2 GIANT BATTLEFIELDS a total size of 3 square feet. (Six Islands in the Pacific Ocean beautifully colored.)
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• 6 FIELD CANNONS* — 12 spoked wheels
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• 25 RED TNT BOXES • FORT COMMANDER • 6 EXPLODING BRIDGES*
• SIMPLE DIRECTIONS for fighting your way across the battlefield with enough men and equipment to attack and capture the enemy fort.
*3-D plastic safe and reusable.
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here he is.. your.. MYSTERY COLUMNIST

Dear Editor:

About the subject of Women's Lib, Lois is carrying it too far and Superman not far enough. He must realize that "woman power" means more than fisticuffs and inane cliches, and that being loved and needed doesn't mean being enslaved. Her actions in the last two issues show that she must believe this. Her crack about "cooking in the kitchen" is the reason that some of the women I know hate the movement. It makes the woman who wants to fulfill herself "just" as a wife and mother feel worthless. What Women's Lib should boil down to is the right of every woman to choose the life she wants for herself and to be able to live it. I hope Lois and Supie both wake up.

. . . Anyway, I do like the new format on a whole, and ish #122 was a job well done. Thanks for listening and continued good luck!

Gerard Triano
Elmont, N.Y.

Dear Gerard:

What's the matter, kid, have you fallen for Lois or something? There is only one way *to do things, and that's the* man's *way! Can you imagine women in key roles of history? If it had been a woman instead of Moses, we'd have ten THOUSAND Commandments, instead of ten. And the Alamo? It would've fallen in ten minutes! 'Florence' of Arabia would never have made it, and "Georgia" Washington would've drowned in the Delaware River! How can any girl in her right mind refute what I've made plain?? Forget Women's Lib, if we gave them the world, they'd* ruin *it!*

*****

Dear Editor:

After a long absence, I recently picked up the Lois Lane issue #121. I was very pleasantly surprised at the new Lois Lane and her so long suppressed relationship with Superman. It is nice to see them catching up with the times . . .

Jackie Cates
Wichita, Kansas

Dear Jackie:

You must be going bananas! Superman is exactly *that—Super-*man. *If we start to change the power structure, you females will be the losers. Lois is getting out of hand and it's time Superman did something about it!*

*****

And now I am forced to give some space to a mere woman—to settle a small matter that keeps popping up . . .

Dear Miss Woolfolk:

I was overjoyed to see Lois Lane change its editorship last month or so, and I feel the magazine is on its way to better things. Mr. Bridwell was a good editor, but I don't think he knew how to handle a mag of this type. From what I've seen in the past two months, I feel confident that you have a better idea of what to do . . .

Frank Verzyl
Lindenhurst, N.Y.

Dear Frank:

Thank you for the kind words—but they really don't apply. E. Nelson Bridwell is the comic book genius of the twentieth century. A golden glow—some say it's a halo—emanates from his sleek, dark head as he ambulates through the corridors up here at Superman, thinking his great and lonely thoughts. Presidents may come and Presidents may go, but E.N.B. is indispensable. Again, thanks for writing. And please, call me "Ms."

Dorothy Woolfolk

Write! Whaddya think?

Alexander the Great
Lois Lane
909 Third Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

THE BONEYARD

Dear Editor:

Concerning *Lois Lane* #121, we would like to point out a small error. On page 21, *Superman* proceeds to *demolish* one set of helicopter blades. After completing this task, he renders the criminals unconscious, whereupon he is distracted by an earthquake below and says to *Lois*, "Take the controls." Good grief!

Lois is now piloting a powerless 'copter, which, by the law of gravity, should be plummeting towards the very hard ground. But *Lois* needn't worry, for only two pages thence, she is up and around, looking fit as a fiddle.

To avoid excitement, keep calm, get plenty of rest; take two aspirins and call me in the morning.

Tony Battelle and Mark Newman,
New York, N.Y.

(Keep calm? After I spotted that goof when I proofread the story and got assurances from all and sundry that it would be changed so Supes *only* stopped *the rotor, instead of smashing it? Why is it nobody ever listens to us geniuses?—E.N.B.)*

This helicopter boo-boo was spotted by dozens of Lois fans. Also, you caught us cold with the wrong code in ish #120 (March).

Found a boner? Send it in and if we get your letter early enough, you'll see your name in print in THE BONEYARD!

THIS IS ROSE FORREST--A GIRL OUT OF WORK, ROAMING METROPOLIS... IN SEARCH OF A JOB TO PAY NEXT WEEK'S RENT AND TOMORROW'S DINNER!
ROSE AND THE THORN
STORY: CARY BATES
ART: DON HECK
THIS AFTERNOON, HER MIND IS SO FULL OF BLACK DESPAIR, THAT..
...SHE DOESN'T NOTICE THE BLARING SIGN FLASHING AT THE CROSSWALK..
DON'T WALK
HEY, LOOK OUT, LADY!
D-1025
GEEZ! THE GUY COULDN'T STOP IN TIME!
EEEEKK!
SCREEEEEECH!
A TRAFFIC ACCIDENT- ONE OF DOZENS TAKING PLACE EVERY DAY IN A CITY THE SIZE OF METROPOLIS! BUT THIS MISHAP WILL NOT BE JUST ANOTHER STATISTIC! ROSE--AND THE THORN-IS ABOUT TO MEET A DOCTOR WITH A DEADLY BEDSIDE MANNER...
CURE... OR KILL!

A MOMENT LATER, AS A HUSHED CROWD GATHERS...
SHE'S NOT SERIOUSLY HURT! JUST DAZED...
BUT SHE SHOULDN'T BE MOVED UNTIL A DOCTOR HAS A LOOK!
I JUST CALLED AN AMBULANCE!
AS MEDICAL HELP ARRIVES, PASSERBY DETECTIVE, DANNY STONE SEES THE COMMOTION AND STOPS, HORRIFIED...
OMIGOD! IT'S ROSE!
S-SHE WAS ON HER WAY TO MEET ME!--
THAT GIRL... MEANS SO MUCH TO ME, DOCTOR..! WILL SHE..?
CALM DOWN, YOUNG MAN! YOUR GIRLFRIEND HAS ONLY MINOR INJURIES!
BUT WE'LL RUN SOME TESTS AT COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL-- JUST TO MAKE SURE!
THE AMBULANCE DRIVES OFF WITH ITS UNCONSCIOUS ACCIDENT VICTIM...
WHAT ABOUT OUR PRETTY YOUNG PATIENT, DOCTOR? WILL SHE DO?
YES, YES, BRONTO! SHE WILL MAKE AN EXCELLENT SUBJECT...
FOR TONIGHT'S EXPERIMENT!
A HALF-HOUR LATER, THE AMBULANCE COMES TO A STOP--BUT MILES AWAY FROM THE NEAREST HOSPITAL...
SWWHSSSHH!
MEANWHILE...
NO PATIENT NAMED ROSE FORREST HAS BEEN ADMITTED?
BUT THE DOCTOR TOLD ME HE WAS TAKING HER TO YOU PEOPLE AT COUNTY GENERAL!
THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!
CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.
2

Send For Free Information On How

YOU, TOO, CAN OWN A POWER-PACK BODY

Like These Weider Pupils and Champions!

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"MR. UNIVERSE"

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"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner—Freddy stands 5' 5", weighs 185 lbs. of rock-hard muscle. His arms measure 19" and he is considered the best-built short man in the world. Yet he was a 115-lb. skinny weakling before sending in the coupon! Why Not You?

RICKY WAYNE
"MR. EUROPE"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner—Ricky is 5' 8", weighs 196 lbs. of Herculean muscle. His arms measure a full 19½"—and he is considered the best-built man in Europe today. He weighed a pitiful 123 lbs. before sending the coupon! And It Can Happen To You!

CHUCK SIPES
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner—Chuck stands 6', weighs 225 lbs., and has a pair of 20" arms—among the strongest in the world! He was a 141-lb. weakling before sending in the free coupon! Now How About You?

Weider Pupil

DAVE DRAPER
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner, and movie-TV star—Dave stands 6' 2", weighs 235 lbs. and owns the largest arms in the world—21" upper-arm, 17" lower-arm! Yet he was fat and flabby before mailing the coupon! But Why Wait? Rush!

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...AND MAKE YOU INTO AN ATHLETIC VIRILE HE-MAN!!

In half the time, with twice the ease, in the privacy of your own room, in just a few minutes a day, I will, through my "TRIPLE-PROGRESSION COURSE" that I want to send you FREE, guarantee that virtually overnight, you will experience a muscle-building miracle! Before your eyes you'll slap on inches of steel-hard muscles to your pipe-stem arms, pack your chest with power and size, give yourself life-guard shoulders, dynamic, speedy, athletic legs. Add jet-charged strength to every muscle in your body. I don't care if, today, you own the scraggiest, flabbiest, skinniest or funniest-looking body, whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school-boy or businessman, I must make a new, virile he-man out of you—with handsome muscles bursting out all over! They will ripple with power, vibrate with energy! And for the fist time in your life, men will envy your body—women admire it, because at last you will own a body that brings you fame instead of shame! What I did for Dave Draper "Mr. Universe" winner, and for hundreds of other champions since 1936, I am ready to do for you! A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength! Fill out the coupon below NOW! Rush it to me—and in hours, with no charge to you—at my own expense, you too, like Dave Draper did, will start putting an end to your weakness! You have nothing to lose but your weakness! ACT NOW!—SUPPLY IS LIMITED!

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SOON, GENTLE ROSE OPENS HER EYES TO A TERRIFYING SIGHT...
SO... YOU ARE AWAKE FOR YOUR LAST MOMENTS OF LIFE!
AT LEAST YOU CAN DIE HAPPY- KNOWING YOUR CORPSE WILL SERVE TO ADVANCE THE SCIENCE OF DEATH!
W- WHERE AM I? WHO ARE YOU?
I AM DR. BASIL SHALOCK, YOUNG LADY...
...ONCE AN UNDERTAKER- TILL I COULD NO LONGER STAND THE CRUDE, OUTDATED METHODS USED TO BURY THE DEAD...
THEN I DEVELOPED A MUCH BETTER TREATMENT FOR CORPSES...
A DISCOVERY WHICH WILL RANK MY NAME WITH EINSTEIN.. PASTEUR... BARNARD!
AND YOU, MY DEAR, HAVE THE HONOR TO BE MY FIRST SUBJECT!
N-NO! LET ME OUT OF HERE! YOU'RE A MADMAN!
DON'T BE AFRAID! THIS ETHER GAS WILL PUT YOU TO SLEEP...
...SO THE OPERATION CAN BEGIN!
BUT AS ROSE DRIFTS INTO SLUMBER... A RESTLESS STIRRING STARTS WITHIN, AND HER SUBCONSCIOUS SELF BEGINS TO EMERGE...
FOR INSIDE ROSE FORREST DWELLS ANOTHER PERSONALITY EVEN SHE HAS NO INKLINGS OF- THE DEADLY THORN!
BRONTO! WE MUST MAKE FINAL PREPARATIONS FOR THE EXPERIMENT!
MUST BREAK THESE STRAPS NOW...
...BEFORE THE SLEEP GAS HAS A CHANCE TO TAKE FULL EFFECT!
3

SPURRED BY A SUBDUED STRENGTH AND A VENGEFUL SPIRIT NOT HER OWN --
SNAP!
SNAP!

QUICKLY SCANNING THE ROOM, SHE FINDS HER PURSE BROUGHT ALONG FROM THE ACCIDENT SCENE...

SHE DONS THE CONCEALED GREEN GARB... AND THE TRANSFORMATION IS COMPLETE! THE THORN IS READY TO LASH OUT!
I HEAR... FOOTSTEPS! MY ABDUCTORS MUST BE RETURNING!
THEIR PATIENT IS READY AND WAITING FOR THEM!

MEANWHILE, AT THE ACCIDENT SITE, DETECTIVE STONE QUESTIONS THE MAN WHO PHONED FOR HELP...
I WAS ABOUT TO CALL A HOSPITAL ... WHEN I SAW THIS STICKER! I FIGURED IT WOULD SAVE TIME TO CALL THEM INSTEAD!
THANK YOU, MR. GRIMES! I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE!

HMMM... I'D BET STICKERS LIKE THIS ARE ON PHONE BOOTHS ALL OVER THE CITY!
IT'S SOME SORT OF RACKET... AND ROSE HAS BECOME A VICTIM!
I'LL CALL HEADQUARTERS FROM MY CAR... HAVE THAT PHONE NUMBER TRACED - SO I CAN GET AN ADDRESS!
ON-THE-SPOT CALL 3944141 AMBULANCE
CONTINUED ON 2 ND PAGE FOLLOWING
4

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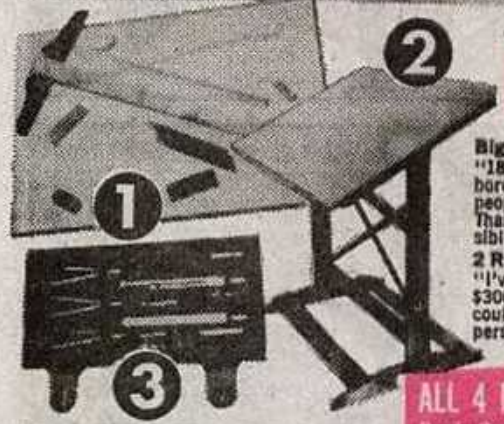

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HEY DOC-- THE BLONDE DAME IS GONE!
SHE HAS TO BE SOMEWHERE IN THE ROOM... THERE ARE NO OTHER DOORS OR WINDOWS!
THE THORN!
HOW THE BLAZES DID SHE GET IN HERE?!
AT THAT MOMENT, DANNY STONE ROUNDS A CURVE...
THE TELEPHONE NUMBER TRACED BACK TO A MOBILE PHONE UNIT INSIDE THE A-1 AMBULANCE...
...WHICH WAS LEASED BY A MR. BASIL SHALOCK-- ...A REAL KOOK...
...WHO RUNS A FUNERAL HOME NEAR HERE...
WHICH IS WHERE ROSE MUST BE!
THIS IS JUST THE THORN'S WAY OF SAYING--
HEL-LO!
SPLAT-T!
WITHOUT WARNING, A DEADENING BLOW HITS THORN'S SHOULDERS...
OHHHH!
PAIN--! SO COLD!
YES, MY DEAR- SUB-ZERO LIQUID NITROGEN--USED...
...TO FREEZE TISSUES FOR CRYO-SURGERY!
...AND THE PERFECT WEAPON TO STOP YOU COLD!
5

ONE FREEZE-BEAM TO THE HEAD...
...WILL PUT YOUR BRAIN ON ICE, THORN!
THAT HEAVY BREATHING AT MY BACK...
...THAT BIG DINOSAUR MUST BE ABOUT TO JUMP ME!
JUST AS THE CRYO-GUN UNLEASHES ITS FROSTY BLAST...
ARRGGGGGGHH...
THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM!
NOW TO GET ON WITH THE NEXT PIECE OF BUSINESS!
AND THE THORN FOLLOWS-UP WITH A CRACK OF HER EXPERT LASSO...
Y-YOU LET ME SHOOT BRONTO!
THE SECOND MISTAKE YOU MADE TODAY!
YOUR FIRST WAS TANGLING WITH ME!
THE ENRAGED BASIL SHALOCK GRABS THE MOBILE OPERATING TABLE, PRESSES A SWITCH--AND RELEASES HIDDEN PANELS!
I DIDN'T PLAN ON YOU BEING MY FIRST "PATIENT," THORN--
BUT NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE--!
UH OH! THAT TABLE'S A TRAP! IF HE PUTS ME ON TOP...
IT'LL BE A FATAL OPERATION!
BETTER MAKE MY MOVE NOW!
6

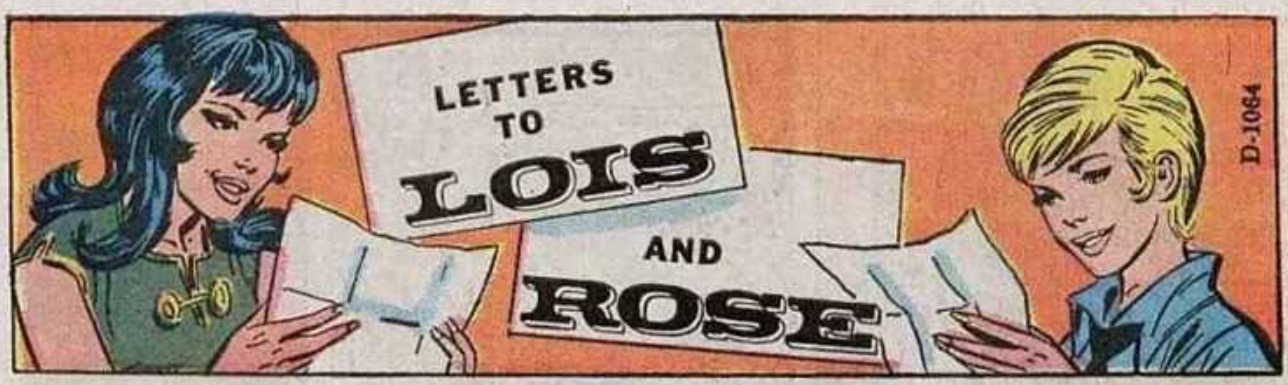
WITH SPLIT-SECOND TIMING, THE SHADOWY SIREN RAMS A HEELED BOOT AGAINST AN ONCOMING WHEEL...
THIS BETTER WORK-- OR I'M A DEAD THORN!
BNOK!

THORN TRIES TO RESIST THE MENTAL METAMORPHOSIS* SEIZING CONTROL OF HER, BUT...
M-MUST FIND MY PURSE ...CHANGE MY CLOTHES...
*ONCE AGAIN, THE GENTLE PERSONALITY OF ROSE FORREST STARTS TO TAKE OVER...

A REAL WEIRD-O!
I'LL TAKE YOU HOME...
...THEN COME BACK AND WRAP UP THIS CASE!
I D-DON'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED IT'S ALL A HAZE...
SLEEP WELL, ROSE... YOU NEED IT! YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW CLOSE YOU WERE TO GRUESOME DEATH--AS THE THORN!

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE ON OR ABOUT JULY 20TH

THE END.



Dear Editor:

For years I have passed up the chance to write to a DC lettercol. Why? Probably because I never *really* had anything worth saying, until now. "Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Lois Lane, but Were Afraid to Ask" (*Lois Lane* #121) is my choice (and I don't give praise easily) for the best single story of 1972. It is one of the best stories I have ever had the pleasure of reading.

First, when I took my first look at the cover, I didn't understand it at all, which is better, in a way. Who needs a cover that tells the whole story? Then the splash page was what really sold me. It was really intriguing to me—not the usual misleading type.

The story itself was truly magnificent. I bow my humble head to Cary Bates.

It is wonderful that *Superman* is worried, not that *Lois* will get in trouble, but because he loves her and wants her back. What impressed me most, though, was a lonely, frustrated and despairing *Lois* walking aimlessly in the downpour, dirty, dripping and not caring what happens to her. It was as if my feelings of despair had jumped from my mind to the paper.

Lois' slow realization that other people have suffered as much as she and still have time to help others was great. Still better was her decision to really *help* these people.

I must say that *Lois'* quitting the *Daily Planet* came as quite a shock to me. This new look will certainly open the doors for more new stories. But please don't give up the *Planet* completely. She can still pick up free-lance writing jobs for *Perry White.*

I hope at least one person receives enjoyment from my comments.

Kenneth B. Swart, Pomona, Ca.

*(Well, the entire editorial staff certainly did. And don't worry—*Lois *will do most of her newspaper work for the* Planet. *Only she'll do other things, too.* —E.N.B.*)*

*****

Dear Editor:

The *Lois* story in the latest issue was, on the whole, excellent. From some of the things *Lois* said, it sounds like you are planning to turn this magazine into another *Green Lantern.* Whether this works remains to be seen.

Lois' new hairstyle is great. *Keep it!*

This letter probably won't be printed—you'll go for letters that give you some constructive criticism—but when I see a story as good as this, I'm reminded of the saying that starts . . .

"If you can't say something nice . . ."

Mark Murphy, Richmond, B.C.

(So you said something nice—and we printed it! But don't expect Lois *to become another* GL—*she'll go her own way and not try to ape anyone else!* —E.N.B.*)*

Dear Editor:

Lois Lane #121 was fantastic! To start with, I really dug the Bob Oksner cover! The plot was the best in many issues. Finally, *Lois* was clad in some really groovy threads. I really dig her longer hairstyle. Her new roommates, plus the inclusion of *Rose* at the end, will lead to some great plots.

Steve Thompson, Urbana, Ohio

*(Thanks—and now for the minority report!—*E.N.B.*)*

*****

Dear Editor:

When last we saw *Lois,* she was in *San Quantos,* walking "into the gathering gloom." After *Lucy's* death, she needed to be by herself to think. But although she was tragedy-stricken, she still retained her senses. This issue finds her in *Metropolis,* walking in the rain as though she were stunned senseless. Maybe I'm nit-picking, but the situations don't seem to follow each other.

I don't know why, but this story just didn't grab me. True, *Lois* needs a change, and the free-lance angle is good, but certain things really killed this change. First, the over-used "Everything You Always . . . Were Afraid to Ask" title gave it a funny (ha-ha) connotation which it didn't need or deserve.

I did enjoy the *Diana Prince*-ish direction that *Lois* adopted, for her characterization needs it. Very seldom have any of her positive qualities been accented.

The old lady routine reminded me a lot of the disguise *Jimmy Olsen* used to use. Does this mean that the new *Lois* is just the old *Jimmy?*

Positively the worst part of the issue had to be the intro to *Lois'* new roommates. *Julie* is the exception; she should fit well into the plots. But *Marsha Mallow?! Etta Candy* lives!! Get rid of her. *Kristin* will be all right if you don't follow up that ridiculous "mysterious person" idea. Did it ever occur to you that in every group there isn't always one person with a secret past?

Goodbye, *E.N.B.* Hello, *D.W.*

Lon Wolfe, Pontiac, Mich.

(Whatta ya mean, goodbye? So maybe I'm not the editor—that doesn't mean I'm off the mag completely. And don't you forget it!—E.N.B.*)*

(You betcha. See Mystery Columnist for E.N.B.'s true status. D.W.)

Now let's hear what you have to say! Did you like this issue? Why? Or why not? Send it to LETTERS TO LOIS AND ROSE, National Periodical Publications, 909 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

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YOU CAN GET THESE and many, many other big prizes — or cash — simply by selling beautiful Olympic IMPRINTED CHRISTMAS AND ALL-OCCASION CARDS. The Olympic way is the IN way! Here's why . . .

OLYMPIC SAMPLE BOOK IS FREE! It contains samples of fast-selling Olympic cards — and it's yours to keep. We don't send you boxes of cards in advance. With Olympic, you never have to worry about paying for, or returning, boxes you don't sell.

OLYMPIC CARDS ARE IN! The Imprinted Christmas Cards and the All-Occasion Cards are of such high quality they practically sell themselves. All you do is show your attractive Sample Book to friends, relatives, neighbors . . . and take their orders. Olympic cards sell for only $2.95 a box — and they're worth much more! Sell enough boxes to get all the prizes you want — or keep $1.00 per box.

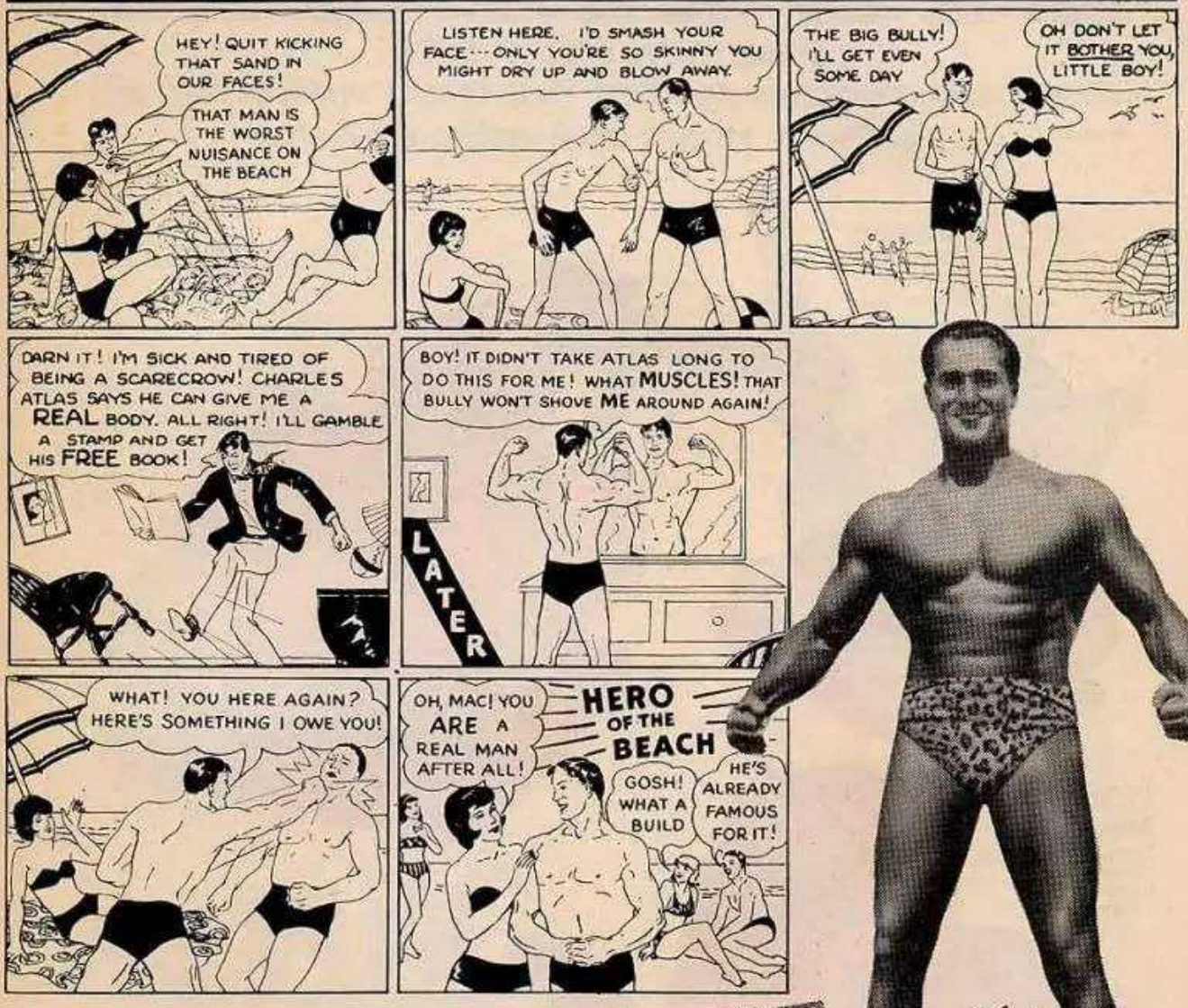
IT'S EASY TO JOIN OLYMPIC! Just fill in and mail the postcard! No postage is required. We'll send you the free Sample Book, free Membership Card and free Catalog of Prizes. There's ABSOLUTELY NO COST TO YOU! Don't wait! Join now! It's easy!

BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD!
DON'T DELAY! JOIN NOW! MAIL POSTCARD TODAY!

OLYMPIC SALES CLUB, INC., DEPT. 72NC6, ENFIELD, CONNECTICUT 06082

FROM
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____
STATE_____ ZIP_____

THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF "MAC"


HEY! QUIT KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACES!
THAT MAN IS THE WORST NUISANCE ON THE BEACH
LISTEN HERE, I'D SMASH YOUR FACE---ONLY YOU'RE SO SKINNY YOU MIGHT DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY.
THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY
OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, LITTLE BOY!
DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. ALL RIGHT! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT MUSCLES! THAT BULLY WON'T SHOVE ME AROUND AGAIN!
LATER
WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN? HERE'S SOMETHING I OWE YOU!
OH, MAC! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!
HERO OF THE BEACH
GOSH! WHAT A BUILD
HE'S ALREADY FAMOUS FOR IT!

Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU A NEW MAN!

ARE you "fed up" with seeing the huskies walk off with the best of everything? Sick and tired of being soft, frail, skinny or flabby — only HALF ALIVE? I know just how you feel. Because I myself was once a puny 97-pound "runt." And I was so ashamed of my scrawny frame that I dreaded being seen in a swim suit.

The Secret of How I Got My Build

Then I discovered a wonderful way to develop my body fast. It worked wonders for me — changed me from the scrawny "runt" I was at 17, into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I can build up YOUR body the very same natural way — without weights, springs or pulleys. Only 15 minutes a day of pleasant practice — in the privacy of your room.

My "Dynamic-Tension" method has already helped thousands of other fellows become real he-men in double-quick time. Let it help YOU. Not next month or next year — but Right NOW!

"Dynamic-Tension" Builds Muscles FAST!

If you're like I was, you want a powerful, muscular, well-proportioned build you can be proud of any time, anywhere. You want the "Greek-God" type of physique that women rave about at the beach — the kind that makes other fellows green with envy.

Mail Coupon Now for My 32-Page Illustrated Book

Mailing the coupon can be the turning point in your life. I'll send you a copy of my 32-page illustrated book, "How Dynamic-Tension Makes You a NEW MAN." Tells how and why my method works: shows many pictures proving what it has done for others. Don't delay. Mail coupon NOW. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 818, 115 E. 23rd St., New York, N.Y. 10010.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 818
115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y. 10010

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ Ironhard Stomach Muscles
- ☐ Tireless Legs
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Legs
- ☐ More Energy and Stamina
- ☐ More Magnetic Personality
- ☐ More Weight—Solid—In the Right Places

I enclose 10c. Please send me a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic-Tension" can make me a new man. 32 Pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. This does not obligate me in any way.

Print Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City & State.....Zip Code.....

In England: Charles Atlas, 21 Poland St., London, W.1

DIG THESE!

Four new SNAP TITE® drag construction models you build without glue, without paint and without help.

Extreme Shovel™
Cab pivots, shovel scoops, arms move. Tears through the traps in record time.

Boss Bulldozer™
Blade raises, lowers. World's only competition bulldozer.

Mountain Mover™
Truck bed raises, lowers. Toughest machine on 10 wheels!

Screamin' Skipshovel™
Shovel blade raises, lowers. Plenty of power, tons of traction.

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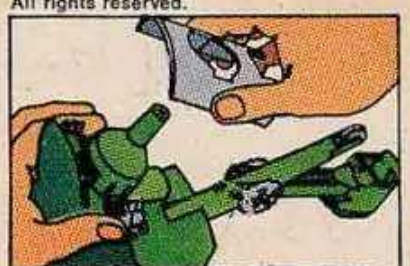

It's easy to build these SNAP TITE® drag models. The pieces snap tightly together without glue or paint. Start building your own fleet of the world's fastest, freakiest construction vehicles.

Monogram quality hobby kits

MATTEL®

If they were any more real, you'd need a hard hat.